

• Tie him up, stick a raw onion in his mouth and pour maple syrup on his head.

• Handcuff him to a toilet in the women's rest room.

• Let him clean your apartment dressed as a French maid with painted toenails.

• Use him as a footstool before tying him up and stashing him in a closet.

leave me out of this, it's time for my flagellation

• All of the above.

The word of his majesty, lord Jesus Christ ... and he say ... the unto his the flick...

Deep Girl

real Life Trauma

desperate Situations

\$1.00

No. 1

pathetic losers

big brassieres

Weepy the Wee-wee

BY Ariel Bordeaux



Hey Ya'll ! This is, like, my first (public) cartooning effort ever... so... puhleeeze gimme feedback! Also... be sure to order #2 if you like this... (available Now) Send a dollar or something to trade TO:
 ARIEL BORDEAUX
 573 SCOTT ST. APT. L
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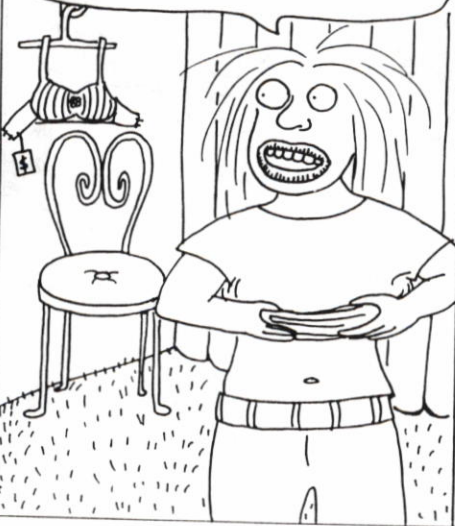


...but NO-O-O, I'm enslaved by convention - and the ever present, ever-enforced lingerie mandate ...

We must create the illusion of upright breasts ... We must, we must, we must create the illusion of upright breasts...



I guess it's kind of an important little ritual for me... nice dressing rooms, nice high prices, nice long lines at the register, snotty sales people... but best of all...



I'm resigned to it, though. Once a year I go to a big department store and replace the old, rotting bras with nice new clean ones.



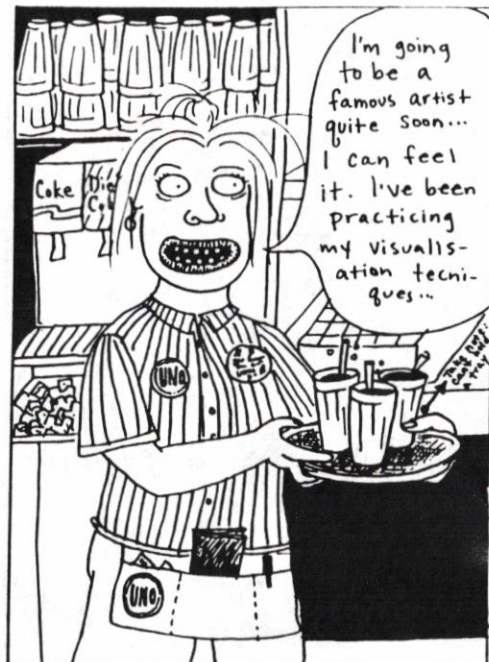
... I go home with a brand new support system, knowing that however saggy and baggy my breasts become, I will always be able to safely conceal their true shape

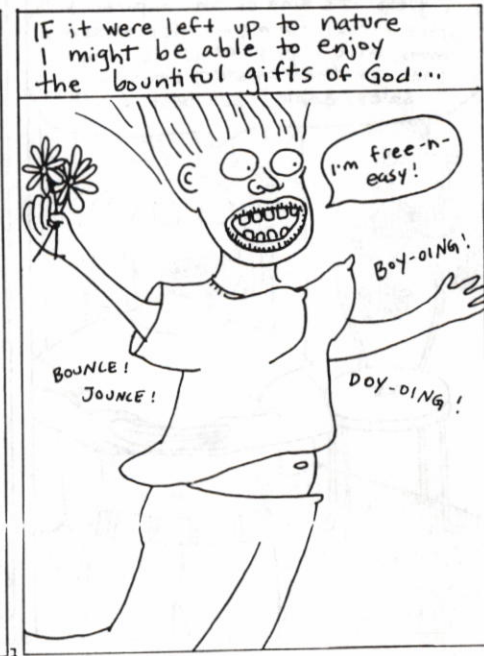


END

DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR

A pretty-much realistic portrait of the every-day thoughts of Ariel Bordeaux





This whole thing helped a lot
with my self-image...



It was the dawn of my
adulthood and the birth
of much misplaced hatred...



It was true - they never did
look "right" I never see
models with breasts my shape,
and I never see my bra size
in fancy lingerie shops...



...So, I have this constant dilemma
between trying to find bras
that are delicate and pretty...



The problem is - I'm too good
for this - yeah, that's it - I was
meant for higher pursuits - I am
a true ARTISTE!



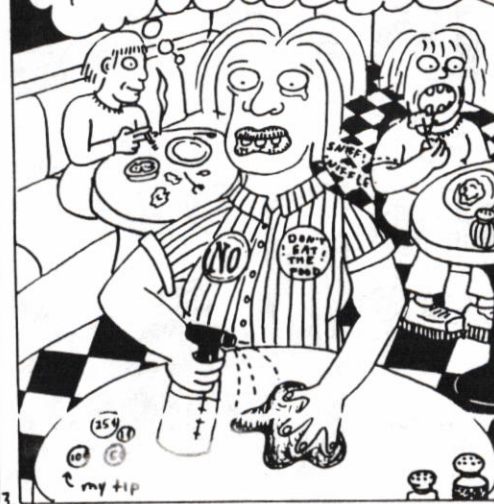
...But I never work on my
"art", if you can call it that.
I fuck around watching TV or
going out drinking - anything
to avoid making my life
fulfilling or purposeful, god forbid.
Jesus, what a loser...



Ariel, what are you doing?
get out there and clean up
your section! Table four wants
their check too - This is
no time to stand around
talking!



Fuck! another lecture to
look forward to... and another
ten percent tip... why do I insult
my intelligence this way? Aren't
I worth a LITTLE more than THIS?



Hey, wait a minute... what's with all this negative thinking? I'm not in as much of a rut as I think I am... besides, I can think of dozens of people who are more pathetic than me!

Tons of em!

A whole lot more pathetic!

STAY IN SLOTH

From now on, I am going to have a whole new perspective! I have all the tools to create a happy and fulfilling life! I am a wonderful and creative person...

tweet tweet

chirp chirp

UNO

Quit Your Day Job!

I know! I'll make something of this whole experience! By immortalizing my thoughts, I will create a great work of art... Everyone will experience my anguish through this artistic endeavor!

Thank God I'm extra these clothes!

Wait a minute! Have I really gotten anywhere? Have I made progress? Am I going to voluntarily show people what a SPAZ I am? No, wait... maybe this is really good! Maybe it's GREAT! But, but, what if I'm not a genius? People will know how much I really Suck!

Well, they can LICK ME if they don't like it!

I hope it's good, I wanna be good... I must have confidence... it's SUPER-terrific!

END... SORTA...

The sheer joy, the adventurous thrill of...

SHOPPING FOR A BRA

BALI 25% off

Did I come here on purpose?

Bordeaux 1993

As far as I'm concerned, there's nothing more humiliating than shopping for a brassiere... It has continued to cause me grief, ever since the very first traumatic time...

We must fit you properly

ick

Parade You Look Like
Sla An Bigger
Halter You
Perfect Fit
Loudly You
Cross Your Heart
Juvane Girl
Cross Your Heart

I had no interest in "developing" I was horribly embarrassed by these budding protrusions... each bra I tried on was more hideously awkward than the last...

doesn't really have to wear one

That looks fine, honey

Mom, I hate it, I don't wanna wear one

Even then I was partial to black lace, but Mom preferred the firm support and innocent look of a nice practical beige number...

I like this one, Mom

You're not getting that one, so forget it!